

He dropped down and walked straight to the spot where he had buried his nut. He sniffed, he snuffed, he scratched, he clawed, he burrowed. The nut was gone! He came back to me, raised himself once again by my fingers and, to cover all possibility of mistake, took one long, last smell.

"How did you *dare* to touch that nut?" he asked: "It was not *your* nut."

With that he left me and—the nut; and I heard him say, as he crept thoughtfully down the tree:

"Schopenhauer was right, after all, when he said that 'Women do not understand the first principles of honor and justice. . . . Nothing should be left to their control: neither children, nor houses, nor lands, nor money,' nor, above all things—*Nuts!*"

Cambridge, Mass., U.S., Nov. 1, 1904.

ADDENDUM.

One of the charming features of Cambridge, Mass., where the writer of the above interesting note lives, is the number and tameness of the beautiful Gray Squirrels, which being protected and fed by kind lovers of nature, run everywhere through the large gardens and lawns, and may frequently be seen and approached, within a few feet, even on the roads and sidewalks. This shows how quickly wild animals will make friends and live with men, as soon as the latter will restrain their savage instincts of wanting to kill everything smaller than themselves or that they are not afraid of, or when they are compelled by law to act as if they were civilized Christian beings. The time is now coming near when we may hope to see our streets brightened with flocks of beautiful Pine Grosbeaks. It would be well for all members of our Club to make a point, whenever opportunity occurs, of trying to put a stop to the senseless destruction of these by thoughtless boys, who, owing to the confiding nature of these gentle birds, can catch them without trouble when feeding on the scanty food provided by the mountain ashes along our streets.

J. F.